SOME SHORT STORIES

Incidents Picked Up in the By-Ways of Indianapolis.

Philosophy in the Park-Tale from the Last Legislature-Hardship on the Workmen-No Modesty.

On one of the recent warm afternoons the free parliament which holds its sessions almost daily in one of the parks had a very exciting debate on the subject of miracles. The man with the plug hat led the side of the debate which believed them "unconstitutional, nell and void," as he expressed it. Nearly all the bystanders took part in the discussion. An exception was a pale, dropsical-looking German, who sat in the midst of the disputants calmly smoking his pipe.
At last, during a lull, he spoke very deliberately and gravely. He said: "Gentlemens, I have seen a miracle and I believe in him. About three years ago, already, I was working on the section with Pete Taylor. lor, who was our boss. Now, lete was a very religious man. He talks very much about religion, and he allows no swearing with him. Well, one day we was blasting out some stumps on the right of way, and the first that we knowed, already, we blowed up a nest of these wasps what you call 'yeller chackets.' We all run away very quick, and Pete was the last man.

Now, Pete was what you call in this country a very baldheaded man, already, and
he run with his hat in his hand. At last
we got away from them, and then Pete put
on his hat, and when he put on his hat he finds that two of the 'yeller chackets' had stayed in the hat, and the whole both of them stung him on his head. Well, Pete hotlered and throwed away his bat, and got down on the ground and rubbed his head in the dirt, and he cried, and he sweared, and he prayed, and he cussed again, and his head swelled up as big as a heer keg, and that afternoon we didn't do much only pour water on Pete's head. When we took him home he stayed in bed three days, and ever since that time Pete won't hire an then lit his pipe, and the crowd was in deep silence until the bilious young man at the end of the seat said: "Your story is all right, Uncle August, but where was the miracle?" "Oh, yes," he answered; "I al-most forgot that. You see, it was this way: ever since that time Pete keeps his hat on and don't talk very much." The debate

State Senator O. A. Baker, of Marion, Ind., was in the city, the other day, and that brings to mind an incident of the last Legislature, which was so full of incidents. if not romance, and was, notwithstanding, only incidental, as it would seem, to the McHughism which, after all, was the principal result. Senator Baker sat for a time unusually still at his desk, and worked away with all the vigor of a wet bee, pluming himself for a long fight. A bill was, of course, the result. The bill was to prevent the consolidation of the Grant cirout with any other incommodious district. "Look here!" said the Senator from Grant one morning about an hour before the Senate convened, "I've got her drafted," and he seemed in excellent spirits. "Got what drafted, Senator!"

"Why, my bill." This, of course, was conclusive, and that very day Baker was heard from on his Circuit Court bill, protesting against the apportionment already submitted by the committee. The bill was engrossed in due time, and Senator Baker then played ferret between the two bouses, and, like the fabled corn for the passage of his pet. Nobody paul much attention to the bill but Baker. and he worked all day and part of each night on the thing until it had actually passed both houses, at which time he loomed up before the reporters as radiant with joy as a small boy with his first trousers. "Oh, I've got her through!" he exclaimed one morning, and was petniant when nobody seemed to know what it was he had "gotten through.

Why my Grant County Circuit Court The reporters tried to assent intelligently to his victory, but so soon as he had gene whispered to each other to know what bill it was Baker was talking about. Nobody knew. Several Senators were asked in vain. "What is this bill Baker has got through, Magee!" But Magee said: "I'll be d-d if I know!" A page was sent to Baker neking about his bill. Baker was furious. At last it leaked out and was published, and although every men in Grant county knew what a success had been harvested by their senatorial representative, nobody at the capital could tell-so great was the general focus on the adroit manipulator from Tippecanoe!

An aged man keeps a cigar stand on the ground floor of the Statehouse. This same stand he has kept for some years without getting rich off of its profits. Besides keeping in stock candies of every complexion and cigars of every conceivable flavor he exhibits some of the best quality of apple pies ever placed on the market. They are made by his wife and sold to people who love pie between meals. Aside from his general line of merchandise he is the vendor of certain peculiar cures that have never yet been known to fail.

"How much do you make a week, uncle?" "Oh, sometimes \$5 and sometimes as high

"Who are your best customers?"

"The girls." "What do they buy?"

Fearing that the old gentleman assumed worse circumstances in trade than were really his, some little doubt was expressed. and the old gentleman's books were brought forth immediately. On a certain day of a certain mouth in a certain year it was found that Governor Matthews had bought a five-cent cigar. "Is this the only purchase the Governor

has ever made of you?" "Yes," said the old man, "you know the Governor does not smoke, nor chew tobacco, nor eat candy nor pie, nor treat-you know the Governor doesn't do anything." and the old man assumed a melancholious retrospective expression, as he went on piling up sticks of checolate where small bovs might see them.

"No, if I had to make my living off the Governor's trade I would have been dead long ago. Auditor Henderson buys a good many cigars of me, and so do several gentlemen who are in his office. Green Smith takes a great many of my ten-cent cigar etock, and sometimes Albert Gall sends around to me for a sandwich. Doe Metcalf, Chris Stein, Tim Griffin and several others here in the house are good customers. but the girls' chewing gum trade is what keeps me alive. You would think that during the Legislature I would seil a good deal of stock, and I do, but it's nearly all chewing tobacco and you know there isn't any profit in that."

There was a family of six bachelors in a rented furnished house one summer, and they were all newspaper men. A preacher had gone away for the summer and had turned his home-library, servants and all -over to the Bohemians because he knew they were just the prople to take care of the place for him. He also had a bath room and a telephone, and these give, in all, the stage fittings for this short story, The young men, upon arising at noon, were in the habit of running into the bath room before dressing and without laying aside their robes of night. At one noon the telephone bell rang, and the young man, who had a pretty belle for a sweetheart, answered the ring. He was in his night robe. Just then a very old auntie, who was on the place as a servant, came in and heard him talking in sweet tones to the young lady. She caught the name of the young lady, and remembered knowing the belle when the belle was a child. After the young man had hong up the telephone, she turned to him with: "Ain' yo' shame yo'selff Stand dere

talkin' to dat nice young lady in yo' night gown." Budg was a little five-year-old residing in the southeastern portion of the city. His father was a thrifty sort of a person and had planted a small garden in the side yard. A few days ago Budg was in the garden amusing himself with a toy hoe. A neighbor passing by and seeing him in-

destrionsly working upon an antiquated

potato hill, accosted him and asked: "Working in the garden Budg! What are you planting!" Budg promptly replied: "I'm plantin' shots and raisin' guns."

Police Court was over. The hangers-on had gone and no one was left to inhale the effluviated air of the temple of justice but Hizzonner, the Cadi, who sat and mused. His meditations were rudely disturbed by four or five belated flies, which settled on his head! with a persistence that seemed

"Right glad am I," said Hizzonner to Hizzonner, "that none of my constituents are here to see this woeful sight. For has it not been said many a time and oft that there are no flies on the old manf Buskirk, me boy, I fear that evil associations have inoculated your manners with the virus of idleness. You have been hanging around the levee too much of late. I guess you need a toning up. You are charged with loitering. Guilty or not guilty?"

Then Hizzonner descended from the judicial bench and stood in the dock and humbly pleaded "guilty." "Twenty-five dollars and ten days will doforyou, I guess," resumed Hizzonner, taking his seat in the throne again. "But as i knew you when you were but a boy. I shall let the fine and commitment stand over you on your good belavior."

And wrapping a few folds of the indicial ermine around his form, the judge took a fresh chew and started out to have a little chat with the "boys."

It was as Assistant Postmaster David Wallace was coming out of the Dahomey fake at the world's fair that the muchlunged herald at the door said: "Here is a gentleman who will say to you that the exhibition is well worth a dollar instead of 50 cents." Thereupon the assistant post-master of Indianapolis retorted in a loud voice: "There is not a Dahomev negro in the show. I'm from Louisville, Ky., and I recognized several of the Dahomies as negroes I knew in that city years ago."

About seventy-five people were listening to the orator, and as they were departing with a laugh the assistant postmaster mingled with them and was lost before the then speechless showman recovered from

Irishman, because he is afraid he will get for the foundation of Bishop Chatard's resplaced in the painting only broadens the an Orangeman by mistake." The German idence, on North Meridian street that a field. The girl of but one sin is there; so is idence, on North Meridian street, that a bronzed workman who was sweating in a trench said to Mgr. Bessonies who was standing near, "Oh, it is too bad, too "What is too bad?" asked Father Besso-

> "Oh, Father Bessonies, we have to walk five blooks to get a glass of beer:"

> > OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. At Night.

Come, draw more near! Clasp hands with me! Ah close, and closer still! The night spreads to infinity!

And through my heart a sudden chill, -I pray loose not your loving hold!-A fear, a loneliness untold Smites sharply-till mine eyes o'erfill! Nor have I strength nor stress of will To set my spirit free.

The cold, the darkness, and the dread Immensity of space, The great wan moon, whose ghostly face For ages has been dead,

The weird lights wheeling overhead, The unknown worlds that onward roll. In endless wanderings ever led. That find no goal, The spectral mists that overspread

With pallid light the lesser stars, The lurid glow that glimmers red Across the front of Mars. -O, dearest heart, when all is said, I am afraid! and from the whole Wide waste of worlds I hide my sight,

And from the boundless night! The ancient mystery of the skies, Their silent depths from pole to pole, The void, the vastness terrifies! -O let me rather search your eyes, And with your sweet, warm touch disperse

This terror of the universe That strikes into my soul! -Ah God! Ah God! I fain would trust All things that Thou hast planned! And reason chides that presently This haunting dread will pass from me,

Of desolate worlds I seem to see: " That though I cannot understand. No earth or heaven, sea or land, Nor any star so far but we Shall still be clasped about by Thee, And Thine all-wise command. -Yet, after all, I am but dust,

And for this little while I must Hold fast a human hand!

-Evaleen Stein. Margery. Yesterday morn, by the berry bush. Margery I met; Down she looked with her cheeks affush,

And her eyes were wet;-Ah me! what could be The matter with Mistress Margery! Yestorday evening, at the dance.

Mad-merry was Margery; Never a lad but got a glance-Never a lad but me! Ah me! I could not see What was the matter with Margery!

But after it all when I, wilfully, Dared my suit to press, Praying the maid to marry me. Margery whispered -yes! Ah me! now I see

What was the matter with Margery! -Frank Preston Smart.

BELLEVILLE, W. VA. In September.

Now sunburned autumn comes among the hills Floating the green conventions. She is strong-The Sumach reddens as she comes along. And the wan marsh with fire of gold she fills. The sun makes haste and undue heat he spills Into the noon, and lank grasshoppers throng The rusty steeps. The locust sings his song With growing stress-I know not what he wills.

From lowland cornfields standing stark and pale With tattered shadows carpeting their ways, I hear at intervals a lonely quail Who makes his meaning clear in simple phrase-

He listens where the morning-glories trail And calls amain throughout the startled maize. -Jethro C. Culmer. SPENCER, Ind.

A Story. In a room a man lay dying. Near the door, three children crying; Sad and pale, the wife was praying,

These most bitter words was saying, "Help me, God, to not be glad!" Through the Meadow.

The summer sun was soft and bland.

As they went through the meadow land. The little wind that hardly shook The silver of the sleeping brook Blew the gold hair about her eyes-A mystery of mysteries! So he must often pause, and stoop, And all the wanton ringlets loop shind her dainty ear-emprise

Or slow event and many sighs. Across the stream was scarce a step-And yet she feared to try the leap; And he, to still her sweet alarm. Must litt her over on his arm.

She could not keep the narrow way. For still the little feet would stray. And ever mu the bend t'undo The tangled grasses from her shoe-From dainty researd lips in pout, Must kiss the perket flower out!

Ah, little coquette! Fair deceit! Some things are bitter that were sweet.

-Wm. D. Howells. Her heart was young and Love came to it. She looked through Space; there was no night,

-Belle Hunt, inGodey's Magazine.

A dazzling white. Her heart was ripe and Love went from it, She looked through Space; he came not back-But fled away, a flame-paved comet, Then all was black.

But glint and glisten through and through it.

Her heart was old, but Work came to it. And filled the dole of night and day, But Life was bleak-for through and through it, All things were gray.

ON A PICTURE OF "PURGATORY."

In looking on Christobal Rojas's "Purgatory" in the Venezuelan exhibit at the world's fair one thinks of those lines, "Long is the way and hard, that out of hell leads up to light," and the same words are luminous when one knows a bit of the history of this unfortunate master of the southern continent. The people of the upper continent, themselves somewhat unpretentious of the fine arts, have had no thought nor knowledge of art matters in this indolent southern land, where the greatest claim to recognition has been a geographical position on the world's map.
Rojas may perhaps be styled a Parisian hybrid, for much of his study was in the French capital, and much of his grand work put to canvas in the South American country, and so Venezuela claims him as her own son, educated abroad. For some reason not given the famous painting by Rojas, valued at \$80,000, was not taken to the fine arts palace, but instead was hang in the main corridor of instead was hang in the main corridor of the Venzuelan building, where it faces pictures less horrible than its own conception. The "Purgatory" is the orthodox helifire, with less of the actual fire and more of the glow and heat, a barrenness where abject sinners grovel and tear their hair. The picture instills a sense of the awful rather than portraying it. As far as such a scene can be subdued, that much is Rojas's color subdued, and the impression is gained that some terrible belching of fire is to come before the spectator taxes his eyes from the canvas.

The artist lost his life in accomplishing the true effects of glowing light, the like of which might be witnessed in a cavern of the orthodox hell. Day after day he huddled in furnace rooms and foundry, where black iron became molten, and where the smoke and fumes parched his life; day after day the fire crept to his lungs until he was weary, indeed, and hollow-cheeked. It is said he was of a deep religious bent, but very, very weak. His self-imposed torture in the furnace rooms heightened his appetite for strong drink, for he was burning, burning up, and there was naught else to satisfy mingled with them and was lost before the then speechless showman recovered from his surprise.

It was white the workmen were digging

It was white the workmen were digging

It was white the workmen were digging the hag who knew a life of sin augmented by intense cruelty to her sisters. The decrepit aged are the types of utter despair. In one corner is a young man with a face re-sembling that of Edgar Allen Poe. He does not rant, but draws back from the heat with a mournful, sad expression on his handsome face. What has been his great sin? You cannot tell; his face is too intense. Do artists ever put their own

Death, contrasted to the tragedy of life, seemed to be a morbid theme for Rojas. In his "Last Confession," which also hangs on the walls of the Venezueian building, he has brought out the pallor of death and the stillness of the deathbed so well that the figures are merely auxiliary. One even forgots whether it was a man, or a woman, or a child that was dying, but that pallor of the face will linger long after the group-

ing is forgoften.

In this South American country there are the works of two great native artiststwo men in contrast, one poor and miserable, the other rich and contented. Rojas's works for the most part show his miserable "Charity" shows all the misery that can find expression on one tear-stained face, and the soul of the picture is in the face of the poor woman who lies in a corner awaiting the visit of a richly dressed wom-an coming to her relief. The painter fails in the angel of charity, for he knew not of such. Now Arturo Michelena was better favored by the fair winds of life, and with his wealth were health and happiness. He now lives and is worshi ped as great artists are worshiped, and as nothing succeeds like success, he may rank higher than his unfortunate brother. Michelena has sent a tribute to the wonderful exposition in a Columbian standard, covered with wreaths of victory. The colors are rich and gay. In the fanciful he excels, and his "Battle of the Amazons" is rated as the most valuable of the paintings in the exhibit, the modest price of \$100,000 being set upon it. There is something weirdly fascinating about the picture, but very few people can tell just what it is; it may be the ferocity of the women on horseback, the spilling of their blood, the con-tortion of their beautiful figures or the inferiority of the men, or a combination of all. A woman toppling over a cliff on a herse causes one to wonder where the painter got his models. Another Amazon bears the form of her bleeding sister across a horse and at the same time prepares to thrust a spear at the crouching man warrior. It is a wild fancy made real. A woman insisted that there was much more in the painting than a mere wild tale. Man, said she, finds a horror in the perversion of her sex, and the more woman undertakes in masculine lines the more man becomes alarmed, for his eminence in creation is threatened thereby. This was offered as a suggestion for further thought in study-

ing the picture. Michelena has a number of other canvases in the Venezuelan bailding, none of which, nowever, rank with the Battle of the Amazons." One represents the journey Charlotte Corday to the scaffold, but aside from the expression on the face of Corday the artist has caught no inspiration. Her face is in profile, white and resolute, with trilles of scorn and haughtiness blended, and yet what a flood of pent up emotions can be discerned in those dim eyes, wet about the lashes! Across the way from this painting is hung a descriptive work, "A Hailstorm." There are also three clean-cut studies in the work-the fear of the little children, who huddle to their mother as the hailstorm breaks with great fury, the concern of the mother for the little ones, and the awe of the aged

grandfather. The chief charm by far of the Venezuelan building is the art exhibit, and the commissioners have gained more attention to their country than if they had placed the works in the art palace, where so many fine works are carelessly passed by, where a satisty is so soon acquired by the dilet-tante. GAVIN LODGE PAYNE.

THE PHILADELPHIA MESSIAH. Something About Foulke, the Would-Be Theosophic Leader.

The report that Henry B. Fonlke, the

well-known disciple of theosophy, had finally announced himself in public as the Messiah, at Onset Bay, Mass., has caused no surprise among his friends in Philadelphia. Over a year ago Mr. Foulke informed his followers that he was divinely endowed for leadership, but that the time had not yet come for him to aunounce himself to the world. Theosophists who are not friendly to Foulke, and they are in the majority, repudiate his claims of leadership and pityingly allude to him as an "irresponsible medium."

There are two factions of theosophists in

Philadelphia, one of which is friendly to Foulke, while the other regards him as a crank. The former refer to him as "the master," and are firmly convinced that he has been reincernated several times, and that Madame Blavatsky merely came to pave the way for his entry as the Messiah, Foulke became interested in theosophy several years ago, while doing a real-estate bustness at No. 1037 Walant street. He owned considerable property, and was doing a business estimated to be worth \$15,000 a year. He lived on Eleventh street below Spruce, and shortly after becoming initiated into the mysteries of theosophy. he relitted his house from top to bottom in Indian style, making of it a model or Oriental luxury.

He next cultivated the friendship of Madame Blavatsky, who recognized in his pervous temperament and intellectual attainments the qualities of a medium. After studying with her for awhile he placed his husiness in the care of an agent and retired to the interior of India, where he imbibed the occultism of the Thibean brotherhood, with fasting and deep research into the mysteries of the Mahatmas. On his return to Philadelphia he disposed of all his earthly goods and chattels, and upon the as her successor and a high priest of theos-

opby. He claims tolibe in constant communication with the spirits of the other world, and that his actions are placed beyond his personal control by the "Masters" of the Thibetan brotherhood. He says he recerves messages from dead leaders, particu- his pay in cash. Now, each of them had, larly from Madame Blavatsky, with great in gold, or silver, or paper money, just frequency. They are inscribed on a peculiar looking parchment of almost web-like texture, and they float to him through the

THE NEW YORK STORE

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

BARGAIN :: RAPIDS

The all-day stir on Saturday was due to the many trade eddies-and quick demand for the Ribbons remarkable, and auction Ginghams carried them into the rapids—and but for the heavy reserve force the story would be ended. Not all gone. We make another eddy Monday.

Ribbons-Center Aisle.

Can't tell you how many miles of Ribbon we sold Saturday, but to stretch them out fairwards you'd be much nearer Chicago than nowthe same price until all soldimported double-faced goods.

3c for 7c and 8c Ribbons. 6c for 15c Ribbons.

9c for 18c Ribbons. 15e for 25e and 30e Rib-

19c for 40c and 50c Rib-25e for 60e and 75e Rib-

bons. West Bargain Counter.

The sand fly is said to have only one day's existenceone day will make short work of these.

Navy Blue Storm Serges, all-wool and 38 inches wide, for 29c a yard.

Mixed Suitings of all wool —good color effects and only 39c a yard.

Dress Goods-West Aisle. Pocket-books of all dimensions come to the dress goods counter, and the counting begins at \$1.14 for a pattern and runs up into the thirties. Many of the cheaper stuffs have had a keen glance at the finer sorts, and there's a kinship look about them-oh shades, for 39c the yard. An here if you saw them. always stylish dress is Paris wide and 25 shades to pick | Felt Hats for \$1.48 each.

Fancy Rayetine Cords, all cost 75c. wool and 40 inch--makes a | cloaks and Furs-Second Floor. pretty costume—for 75c a

Prunella Cloths familiarize with your subdued tastes-45 inches wide, and very popular at \$1 a yard.

and a splendid color rangedecided.

If all the admirers of our ty or ugliness sure. ings at \$1.25 were in line we forcibly shown here.

exclusive novelties which | Havana and Black, \$7.98. take pleasure in showing- \$7.75. buy or not.

Silks-West Aisle.

There's a multitudinous variety of Silks which would cloth-fancy colors, for \$3.75. take the language of a poet are such everyday expressions, \$6.75 each.

and then such exquisite weaving is lost sight of. Blacks each. and colors-perhaps to meninterest you.

ROMAINE CEDRAT LILAS DE PERSE DYRADE MUSA AIGUELLE DAHLIA ANEMONE DONA SOL ALEXANDRIA

and Colors; exceptional val-

Millinery-Second Floor.

in fine Hats and Bonnets we dew bleached "Old Ireland" could almost announce an- Towels, hemstitch and knotother opening, yet in the ted fringe, in various sizes. midst of so much trade activity we are opening greater avenues.

The Trimmed Hats for



what a dress-choosing range are clever creations of the is here. Epingle Cords, 38 millinery art. Perhaps you inches wide, in all the new | might anchor your choice

Satin Crown Sailors for Serge-wears well, looks well 79c are in great demand. -just 50c a yard-40 inches | Every imaginable colorin Fur

Good Wool Felt Hats only

The winning qualities are the same in the various walks of life. The men of imaginative mind, who dream dreams and see visions, are the originators of such jewels Those all-wool Jacquard in Jackets and Cape delights. Natte Cloths are perfect The tasteful qualities of our beauty spots-45 inches wide | cloak buyer are readily seen in such styles. Cloth is only just seems to be the fabric de- | Cloth after all; but cut it up, sired for when you haven't stitch it together, put some form to it—there's soon beautwo-toned 50-inch Hop Sack- powers of discrimination are

could almost form a regiment. A pretty imported Kersey Undisputed supremacy in Jacket, in Tan, Blue, Brown,

rank ahead of ordinary mar- A Beaver Jacket, with Coket showings. We always lumbus Collar, half lined, for

Novelty Jackets for \$10 and \$15. Misses' Jackets - mixed

to describe. Stylish and new stripe material-all sizes-at

Black Feather Boas for 69c

A 25-inch Mink Cape—box tion a few new shades might style -- extra quality, for A 25-inch selected Monkey

Cape, best quality, for \$28.50. Linens-Center Aisle. Make up your mind to see

beautifullinens, and you'll not Beautiful velvets in Black be disappointed. The new fall supply is in, and fine linen lovers will indulge. Just ask to see the new Lunch Cloths With the many new arrivals and center pieces, also Webb's

A 66-inch Scotch Linenheavy stocky goods-plenty to handle and only 75c a yard. Napkins to match, for \$1.75 a

dozen. A 72-inch fine Damask Linen, leafy patterns, for 85c. The best dollar Tabling you ever saw, and such lovely pat-

terns, 72 inches wide.

Print Counter-West Aisle. If you hid such goods as these under a bushel, the price \$4.75 power would make them feit. The auctioneer would protest.

Standard 7c Calicoes for 3½c a yard. Amoskeag Apron Checks

for 51c, worth 8c. Amoskeag Ticking, ACA, for 13c, worth 18c.

Amoskeag Ticking for 9c, always 121c. Amoskeag Ticking for 71c,

always 10c. Amoskeag Ticking for 6c,

regular price 9c. Amoskeag Ticking for 6c, regular price 10c.

Amoskeag Fancy Dress Ginghams for 7½c, worth 12½c. Amoskeag Excelsior Shirtings for 8½c, regular price 12½c. Amoskeag Cheviots for 82c,

always 12½c.

Carpets-Third Floor. Three strong reasons why you should buy a Carpet here on Monday or Tuesday. We say these two days because they cannot last longer at such

Extra Union Carpets, twelve styles, for 33c a yard.

20 pieces extra super all-wool two-ply Ingrain Carpets, for 53c 17 pieces best Tapestry Brus-

sels for 60c a yard. It would pay you to read over those Carpet prices again -you know what such goods

Dress Goods-West Aisle.

are worth.

Monday morning we shall Child's long Cloak of fancy sell all wool printed French Twill Flannels for 29c; regular price is 75c a yard.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO

Annie Besant, Henry L. Judge and others equally well known, do not credit his claims, and have refused to recognize the power which he avers is vested in him. They declare him to be simply a powerful but irresponsible medium, and Mrs. tiesant, who was very close to Madame Blavatsky during her life, ridicules the idea of her having selected Foulke as her encoescor, though she admits that theosophists expect their dead leader to send some one to represent her. Foulke some time ago went to London and demanded possession of Blavatsky's effects, but Mrs. Besant bluntly turned him

Foulke has never profited pecuniarily by his relations with the spirit world, and considers working for hire as beneath his dignity. In fact, his fortune has been devoted to his work, and he is now said to be living on \$25 a month, the income from the rental of a small house which he still

HOW PANICS ARE PRODUCED. What Has Happened . his Season in Numerous Instances,

The Christian Register gives an illustration of the way a really well-off community worked itself into a panie: "The infatuation, near akin to lunacy, which in the last isw weeks has nearly driven the United States into general bankruptcy, will long be remembered. Will death of Madame Blavatsky set himself up | the lesson be heeded? An imaginary numerable real cases. A owed B \$1,000, B owed C \$1,000, C owed D \$1,000, and so on down the line to J. These ten men were

indebted to the amount of \$10,000, and all had real property enough to pay their debts many times over; but each wanted \$100. A said to the nine: 'If you will lend me each \$100 I will give you ample security

C, and so on down the line; and the \$1,000 would have paid debts of \$10,000, and each it was, each one was obliged to ask for an 'extension,' credit was lost, and it was only lucky that each creditor did not send his creditor's note to protest, and so drive the ten into needless and wasteful bankruptey. When each determines to get his own without reference to the interest of the others. he often overreaches himself. The value of confidence as a factor in business has been shown in a wonderful way. The madness and confusion of the last few weeks have borne some good fruits fetal

Come, Mr. Voornees. Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is said that it is out of the question for Mr. Voorhees, the leader of the Democratic or rather of the administration forces, to put an end to the Tommy rot that is being hurled at the heads of the antiering people by so-called statesmen. How does any one know that! Has Mr. Voorhees made any attempt to find out? If so, when-and where? Had this administration leader a proper amount of respect either for the President or the country he would force the issue immediately. Let him bring in his proposition to end debate and demand a vote upon it. Then we shall soon know where to place the blame for delay. If he tries and fails he will be no worse off. while at the same time he will clear his ekirts of responsibility. Give us the names on a yea and nav vote. Let us discover who are the Senators who prefer that nonsensical theory of "senstorial courtesy" to the welfare of a great nation. Come, Mr.

The Piate Giass Industry.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Plate glass naed to be all imported from France and Belgium. Being the product of a very limited number of firms, these were But each man said: 'No, I want all the foreign markets, with the natural in-Prominent members of the Theosophical money I have.' If A had been able to bor- cident of running up prices so curred in November, any it was a serious Society, including Countees Wacutmeister. row the \$900 and pay B, B would have paid as to satisfy all manufacturers.

The good people of the United States, before plate glass was made within would have received his own, with usury. As + our borders, had to pay as high as \$2.50 a square foot, A protective tariff encouraged enterprising men to go into the business, which has had its ups and downs like any other. But the general result, to the purchaser, has been that "French" plate glass, made in America, can be obtained for one-fifth the prices formerly reigning.

He Files a Kite Without a Tail.

Chicago Tribune. From the Java village at the fair, yesterday, one of the inhabitants let fly a kite which fleated up to the beavens and there completely mystified all the spectators. In air it appearend to be an ordinary kite. adorned with the usual dragons and wild beasts of the Eastern countries. But it had no tail. Now, any boy knows positively that no kite can be flown without a tail. Yet this kite did fly, and when me air it described the most mysterious gyrations. It dashed down a hundred test and looked as if it were going to plunge beadforemost into the ground, but always sailed up again like a bird and ever kept its equilibrium. When it was pulled from its dizzy beight by its Javanese owner it was found that the kite was a nearly square bamboo frame, covered with rice paper, on which were the usual dragon tigures. The strings of the kite were tied in exactly the same way that American boys fasten them, and yet no American boy could make that kite fly as the Javanese

"How do you do it?" he was asked. "I do'no. I just fly it all the same as I always do. Just make the kite the same way always done." And that was about all the explanation

that could be offered. The Great Calamity.

Kansas City Journal. The year 1893 has so far been a year of catastrophes and disasters. The only calamity that befell the country in 1892 oc-